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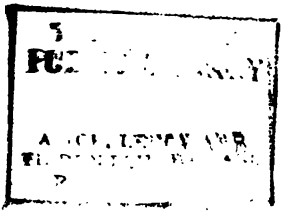
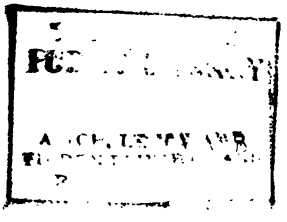
PRELINGER
COLLECTION

1. Poetry, American

MOUNTAIN CAMP FIRES





EVENING ON MOUNT RAINIER

BY EDWARD S. CURTIS

[illegible]
CAMP FIRES

EDMOND S. MEANY

SEATTLE
[illegible] & HANFORD CO.
1911

MOUNTAIN CAMP FIRES

By
EDMOND S. MEANY

SEATTLE
LOWMAN & HANFORD CO.
1911

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PREFACE

The Mountaineers visit the islands and shores of Puget Sound, the forests, lakes and rivers. They annually conduct a midsummer expedition to one of the lofty mountains of the Pacific Northwest. During their outings they assemble each evening around a camp fire for songs, lectures, jests or plays. Most of these verses were written for the companions at those camp fires. They are collected in this form with the hope that they may now find a welcome at camp fires other than those of The Mountaineers.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

Seattle, 1911.

WQR 19FEB'36

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MOUNTAIN CAMP FIRES

MOUNT RAINIER

Thou king in ermine robes of crystal snow,
Lift high thy royal head serene and proud,
Disdain the stress of storm embattled cloud
That we on earth thy majesty may know.
Thy crown in myriad hues doth glint and glow,—
A lure for some in each swift hurrying crowd,
Whose hopes are raised and hearts anew are vowed
To catch, like thee, God's light and onward throw.
May now thy imaged grandeur live and burn
In brain of men who scan thy glistening dome
Who cut the mooring cord and, listless, roam;
Give them the wit to mountain magic learn:
That lofty heights but type the souls that yearn
For supreme love in perfect human home.

CARBON GLACIER

I hail thee, river of ice and snow,
Thou source of our valleys' fertile soil,
I climb thy seamy sides to know
A tithe of thy patient, ceaseless toil.

Grind, grind, grind
Huge stones to dust, Oh, stream!
Grind, grind, grind,
Thy sides as mirrors gleam.

Thy open lips of ice doth pour
A gushing stream in noisy flood,
A stream released in joyful roar;
Behold! a glacier's milk-white blood.

Grind, grind, grind
To crumbling dust these stones!
Grind, grind, grind
The mountain's shattered bones!

Was this great rock by Titan tossed
Thy cold, brown breast to crush and bruise
Or didst thy maiden, wintry frost,
Launch playful boat for seaward cruise?

Grind, grind, grind
The rocks however hurled!
Grind, grind, grind,
Thou mill-stone of a world!

How weak the pen, how vain the brush
To catch the hues of this deep gash!
How here revealed the power to crush,
How awful is thy breathing's crash!

Grind, grind, grind
In cruel jaws of ice!
Grind, grind, grind,
A Devil's Paradise!

New life from death, eternal whirl
How brief each puny span of life!
How long the atoms, grinding, swirl,
Ere seized anew for a season's strife!

Grind, grind, grind
To powder every stone!
Grind, grind, grind
New life will death atone!

I mount thy shoulders' utmost height,
Where threat'ning ice-cliffs poise and nod,

Where avalanches roar in flight,
Like falling demons cursed of God.

Grind, grind, grind
And grind exceedingly fine!
Grind, grind, grind,
My Master's will and thine!

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE VIOLIN IN CAMP

Seated round the camp fire on the shoulders of Rainier
We were busy with our singing and the best of camp fire cheer
When there fell a sudden silence and each one hushed to see
Whence came the quivering cadence of exquisite melody.

The alpine firs and hemlocks in stately columns stood
While through them poured the music, entrancing rythmic flood.
Was this a Druid's forest, where old spirits came to haunt
The new world's swift forgetting with a sweet and plaintive taunt?

Enchained each soul to silence, from needled boughs still fell
The strains of Handel's Largo, mysterious soothing spell;
O'er the valley sped the music, past the overhanging peak,
Sped on wings of mountain breezes that a way to Heaven seek.

Should I stand midst chiselled columns
neath cathedral's spiral tower
And bathe in all the brilliance of the
organ's mighty power,
Should I know that every echo had the
world's approving stamp,
My awakened soul would listen for the
violin in camp.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

MYSTIC LAKE

In a valley of the mountain that was made
for thee alone
Thou art mistress, little ruby, thou art
very much at home,
Like a setting is thy valley of a very
precious stone,
Like a jewel art thou, ruby, from the
mountain's crested dome.

When the storms that sweep the summits
seek thy nest, thou little sprite,
They will find no boats to shatter, they
will find no ships to wreck,
They will find thee quaintly smiling in thy
valley's arms locked tight,
And their angry, blustering torment thou
can'st laughingly reflect.

May thy ruby, little valley, be to thee for-
evermore
Just a laughing little mirror, just a shin-
ing little gem.
Tell thy flowers to creep up closer to her
grassy sloping shore
Till they crown her laughing forehead—
a living diadem.

THE ALPINE FIR

Rugged spire of emerald
I love thy lofty home.
Thy hands with upturned fingers
E'er beckon me to come.

Thy scars of winter tempest
On trunk and shattered limb
Proclaim the brave companion
Of mountain's cragged rim.

May I, like thee, in struggles
Breathe free the higher air;
May I be true and steadfast,
This to God in prayer.

MOUNTAIN HEATHER

High on the mountain the heather bells
grow,
High on the mountain where rivulets flow,
Up on the ridges where clean breezes blow,
High on the mountains the heather bells
grow.

The marmot creeps,
The eaglet sleeps,
The linnet and junco nest and sing;
The mazama leaps,
O'er dazzling steeps,
Where heather bells sway and ring.

High on the mountains our brave spirits
climb,
Up to the heights where the sun measures
time,
Up where the stars and our hearts seem
to rhyme,
High on the mountains our brave spirits
climb.

The tired one sleeps,
When evening creeps,
And the planets their vespers sing;

The sun first peeps
In warm vale's deeps
Then the heather bells sway and ring.

High on the mountain the heather bells grow,
High on the mountain where rivulets flow,
Up on the ridges where clean breezes blow,
High on the mountains the heather bells grow.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE DOG-TOOTH VIOLET

In the mountain's hanging gardens
I roamed in joy today
And saw a lavish treasure
In flowers that strewed the way.

They nod and sing a welcome,
They speak to those who know
Of life and love in summer
Of sleep beneath the snow.

And one with snowy petals
My memory ever thrills.
Thou art purest and the fairest,
Sweet lily of the hills.

CRATER LAKE

How placid thy waters here high on the mountain
With castles above thee and forests around!
How sheer are the cliffs that frown o'er thy bosom!
How clear the wild echoings sharply rebound!

In ages agone when mountain fires smoldered
And ice-laden clouds sought vainly to drown,
Thy parent arose, majestic in grandeur,
And gazed o'er the canyons neath snow jewelled crown.

The king of the nether world marshaled his demons,
Arrayed them to battle with ice-cloud and rock;
They shook the deep canyons and far valleys trembled
And trembled thy mountain in fierce battle shock.

In vain was the sceptre of snow mountain's kingdom
Uplifted as signal to all the grand clan;
In vain, for the demons had centered their forces,
Had rushed to the battle with masterful plan.

So down came the crown and low fell the sceptre,
Away flowed the jewels in hot molten streams,
And far distant cliffs in sympathy echoed
The booming and roars of a monarch's death screams.

The demons, in leaving, raised rude sculptured castle
As symbol that here had once reigned a king
And near it the trees have lifted their branches
Inviting the robins to nest there and sing.

Then soft in the wound that the fire demons blasted

Thy clean limpid waters have silently
crept;
Aloft art thou held a mountain's pure
chalice
Of tears vanquished ice-clouds while
dying have wept.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

TREE GHOSTS

To him who loves the open,
  Who turns from jostling crowds,
And leaves the swelt'ring city
  To climb above the clouds,
Who lets the woodland echoes
  Their forest lore reveal,—
To him some trees are human
  In personal appeal.

They sway a jovial welcome,
  Their arms reach down embrace,
Or raise, perchance, a signal
  As threatening storm fiends chase.
They spread a woven shelter,
  A slyvan fort entrench
From scorching heat of noontide,
  From tempest's chilling drench.

Yet while we roam in pleasure
  Where heart's desire may send
And greet on moor or hillside
  Each happy leaf-crowned friend,
Dead spectres, stark and leafless,
  May haunt the living hosts;
There stand they, gauntly rigid,
  Those gray and gleaming ghosts.

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN'S RUGGED STEEP

Climbing the mountain's rugged steep,
I wake each day my faith to keep:
Believe my soul that God is near
When stars gleam from the azure clear,
Thy windows open to'rd the blue
While God's pure light is streaming through.

Be sure, my soul, this faith to keep,
Climbing the mountain's rugged steep.
Be sure, my soul, this faith to keep,
Climbing the mountain's rugged steep.

And thus, my soul, through din and strife
As mountaineer reflect in life:
That trees defy the storm's cold wrath
And heather bounds the snowy path;
That more than these should man be brave
His pure heart's love to hold and save.

SLUISKIN

Though proud the son of warrior Owhi's clan
Brave Sluiskin laughed at valley-garnered food;
His hut he reared where mountain torrents ran;
Mazama's mate, he longed for solitude.

His naked babe on heather carpet sprawled
While patiently his squaw wove near the child,
From roots and grass by fingers deftly mauled,
Rude raiment fit for wintry forests wild.

His hidden home, from common prying free,
Two palefaced brothers sought one summer day,
And, bent on solving ice-locked mystery,
This wood-wise Indian asked to point the way.

Full oft had he the mountain snowfield's crest

Explored for goats who love the higher
steeps;
But now the lure, a stranger, wilder
quest:
With men to climb where awful danger
sleeps.

As guide he climbed till stunted firs gave
way,
Those sentinels of struggling forest hosts,
When Lo! new fear his sinewed frame
didst sway—
Grim death was there, that gleaming
home of ghosts!

In vain he pled his palefaced friends to
turn
And shun the mountain spirit's vengeful
wrath.
He, trembling, stood to watch the climb-
ers spurn
His fears and pluck from death an up-
ward path.

He stood and watched, a lonely vigil kept,
To Indian gods in mournful cadence sang,
Implored their help for those who onward
crept,
By magic prayer fought sleeping mon-
ter's fang.

Nor could poor Sluiskin, praying, feel or know
The hour those toiling friends raised victor's cheers.
He gazed at miles of piled-up ice and snow;
Faint hope shrank back from devil-goaded fears.

Behold what joy the Indian watcher knew,
When forth his friends from cave of death had stept!
His fears on eagle pinions swiftly flew,
The torture-fretted guide and climbers slept.

While there neath star-strewn roof of blue they lay,
The waking leader roused from grateful dreams,
Tossed Sluiskin's name, ere purpling dawned the day,
To catch in spray-torn flood the sun's first beams.

LITTLE LANTERNS OF THE SEA

This mystic glow on rippling deep,
  This lavish burst of floating gems,
Whene'er the sun sinks down to sleep
  And night adjusts her diadems,
  Whence came this fire that will not drown?
  When fell these gems from Neptune's crown?
Does Croesus' dust the ocean keep?

Behold above, that vaulted place
  Is strewn with brilliant orbs of light.
Perhaps their children laugh at space
  To mimic here the sky at night.
  See them glide from dripping oar;
  See them dash to'rd island shore;
The star-child lures the wave to race.

Perchance the sea in fathomed gloom
  Once begged a lamp from heaven's store
To lift the curse of dismal doom
  From darkened deep, from rock-bound shore.
  Then mermaids fairy lanterns hung
  To catch the sparks from heaven flung
In Noctiluca's fiery bloom.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

ORCAS ISLAND

Near Ocean's gate in love doth wait
  Thy arms to welcome home;
Aye, soon or late, Oh, joyous fate,
  Thy sailors homeward come.
  How heart-throbs yearn
  For tides that turn
To'rd island shore, near Ocean's gate!

Thy green hills tower, they symbol power
  O'erlooking foreign land,
Though bastion's glower is here a flower
  And trees as soldiers stand.
  Ah, peace still hedge
  Our nation's edge
While watcheth thou the day's last hour!

I love each tree, I hail with glee
  Thy every pebbled beach.
My spirit free doth learn of thee
  What leaves and birds may teach.
  Oh, rule our shore,
  Forevermore,
Fair Orcas, Queen of Sunset Sea!

THE FOREST

He hails saluting trumpets
  Of Dawn on waking hills,
Ere deeps of drowsy canyon
  The echoed music fills.

Alone, the man bids welcome,
  One man among the trees,
Who hears the tunes of Nature
  Though hid the hand and keys.

He shares with thee, Oh, Forest
  Thy buoyant joy, thy pain,
Of life in green bud bursting,
  Of death in crimson stain.

When breezes, myriad fingered,
  From vibrant, swaying strings,
Draw lilting, wistful murmur,
  He knows thy spirit sings.

He hears in thundered tempest,
  When angry storm fiends scowl,
Mid jagged, fitful gleaming,
  Thy haunting demons howl.

In summer's glowing tremor,
When breeze and gale are still,
The world's sweet choirs in feathers
A thousand chancels thrill.

A hush of joyous singing!
A flash of hawk's keen claw!
The strong a weaker slaying,—
Thy rigid, blood-writ law!

Then Lo! a rose bush blooming,
Where singer's heart was torn,—
For bird the fragrant blossom,
For hawk the hidden thorn.

Oh, joyous song of woodland!
Oh, wings of God-called soul!
Athrob, leaf-tangled sunshine,
Behold eternal scroll!

CHUMS ON THE RUGGED TRAIL

Go back ye pampered sons of towns;
  Go back to primal ways of life;
Shake off the glare of fashion clowns;
  Obey the random wind's shrill fife.

Go search the horde for heart-true chum.
  You'll find him there, his thews of steel,
For real men know the heart's fierce drum,
  And leap as to a battle peal.

Then seek ye mines or strenuous rest,
  The strain is one with muscled back,
And hot tides swell the manly breast
  As true chums toil o'er new-found track.

When far from crowds on rugged trail,
  The joy of one the other's own,
To lips the twain lift priceless grail
  At tested friendship's gilt-free throne.

So heave in straps with shoulders strong
  And stride to welcome sundown camp.
The day is done and tuneful song
  Lures grateful sleep 'neath Heaven's lamp.

LAW OF THE HILLS

Unknown to him the true intent that perfect law fulfills
Who has not trod, in love of God, thy trails Unpeopled Hills.
In simple hope he comes to thee, finds freedom's great surprise:
Celestial bars, twelve gleaming stars, God's jury in the skies.
Forthwith he strides, an upright man, o'er nature's primal ground;
In calm or gale, the faintest trail, leaves better than 'twas found.
No room for greed his trove he'll lift and mark it by a tree;
No cache he'll loot, no brook pollute, his foll'wers, too, are free.
His timid faith, his falt'ring trust, now bloom and boundless grow;
Far keys he'll fling, his lock a string, hung loose where trav'lers go.
The hot tide's throb as up he climbs makes kindred every beast;
He will not slay, by night or day, for wanton lust or feast.

Behold his face, this new-born man, in
hillside mirror pool,
And paeans raise, in thy due praise, Oh,
woodland Golden Rule!

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE PACK TRAIN

Just before the mountain campfire
Comes an hour of perfect peace;
'Tis an hour of quiet musing,
Precious hour of care's release.

Gently thoughts of home and others
O'er the mountains find their way
Through the heart's wide-opened portals;
Rest they there in holy sway.

To'rd the camper's flower-flecked meadow
Comes the tinkling of a bell,
Just a faint and distant tinkling
Comes to break the peace-hour's spell.

'Tis the pack train slowly toiling
Up the trail from homes below
And the climbers' shouts soon echo
All the camp's new warmth and glow.

Mountaineers, however weary,
Never let their welcome fail
For the wood-wise laden horses
Climbing up the winding trail.

POTENTILLA

Oh, how like the friend of my childhood thou seemest,
The friend in the pasture, such glorious quest;
Yet quick I confess the deceit thou redeemest,
I drink of my youth from thy cup's golden crest.

The noisy Chiwawa, the wild trail above it
Stir deeply in hearts of the climbers new zest.
The toil of the climbing, how dearly they love it;
Then drink of their youth from thy cup's golden crest.

When camp has been made in a high mountain meadow
And, weary, the climbers seek merited rest,
They reach for thy blossom as low slants the shadow
And drink of their youth from thy cup's golden crest.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

PTARMIGAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Poised on a rock in a clear silhouette,
From warm-stockinged feet to proud lifted head;
Slow move the clouds in a quaint minuet;
Thy wilderness home is all silent and dead.

Lover of mountains, I visit thee here;
I seek and caress thy wee babes in the snow.
Fearless art thou as I draw gently near
And pray that thy faith may no treachery know.

Robes for the summer, like rocks at thy feet,
The sun's warmer browns softly gather and hold,
Changing to white when the storms fiercely beat,
Thy raiment to mimic the crags' wintry cold.

Shelter thou knowest for babies to sleep,
Where storm fiends have roared and vain
thunder bolts hurled.
Mistress of snows here thy lofty home
keep,
Thou Eskimo Queen of the whole feath-
ered world.

SNOWBRUSH

On Washington's sculptured mountains
Where wind and ice have wrought,
Have wrought as giant chisels,
In Nature's firm hands caught,
Such grand, majestic carvings
Such high and sharp hewn towers!
And then the Master Builder
Round all threw seeds of flowers.

Swift marched obedient army
When Mountain Captain spoke;
They fired their blossom volleys;
They slept 'neath winter's cloak.
Then valiant Rhododendron
Waved signal: "Up with me!
Come up and drink the vapors
Fresh blown from boundless sea."

GLACIER PEAK

Thou somber king on throne of granite,
A pilgrim knocks at rock-strewn gate,
Thy hingeless gate at guarded palace,
Behold! I climb, I watch, I wait.

Was't weak to fear thy storm-swept kingdom,
To fear and flee thy ice-chilled roar,
In awe to wave a feeble gesture
To'rd heights where boldest eagles soar?

I do not boast a heart of valor;
No upward march of conquest mine;
I slowly creep up storm-carved canyon;—
Uncovered stand, a child of thine.

Then up thy walls I climb and clamber,
O'er thy glist'ning snowfields plod;
I come in humble love and yearning
More truth from thee, new thoughts of God.

I see thee clutch the sea-born vapors,
Then swirl and hurl through canyons steep.
Ah, whip and lash them, cloud-land fury,
No respite give but frozen sleep!

All captive here, thy conquered victims
  Await release in years to be.
How cleanly gleam thy ice-locked rivers!
  How slowly wind they to'rd the sea!

Sheer lifts the ridge that parts the pathways
  From swinging clouds to lands below,
Aye parts the ways through plains or forests,
  The ways thy garnered streams must flow.

Thy garnered streams, man's wheels and spindles,
  A thousand mills in lowlands hold.
Athrob, they turn to solve the riddle:
  From cloud to ice and then to gold.

Thy garnered streams through sagebrush valleys,
  Transform coyote's vagrant home
To countless miles of fruit trees laden
  With luscious pearls from thy cold dome.

Forever sway thy magic scepter;
  Lo, grateful men thy praises sing!
Command thy winds in battle royal
  And rule thy realm, Oh, snow-crowned king!

LEUCOSTICTE

Of all thy kindred, feathered beauty
Who vibrant make the woodland bowers,
Of all thy kith in joyful birdland,
Who sing and nest mid valley flowers,
Not one can boast such heart of courage
Not one so brave, so free, so strong
To flaunt the cliffs of glacier mountain
To nest and sing on ice-torn prong.

Thy scanty food from lowland wafted
By vagrant winds to fields of snow
On buoyant wing is gleaned and gathered
With ne'er a thought of fruits below;
So clean the air, so free the sunlight,
Thy summer day is bright and warm,
Thou knowest too, the safest crevice
To shield from night or stress of storm.

What cheer to soul of mountain climber
Thy flutt'ring wing on snow-crest brings.
Aloft he looks to vaulted Heaven
Ecstatic prayer he breathes, he sings.
Thy mission here, Oh, Leucosticte,

Where skies to snow-crowned mountains nod:
To sing and serve the great white altar,
The mountain climber's shrine of God.

NELSON PARK

On the edge of Glacier Peak,
Where the stars lean down to speak,
  There's a grove of firs and hemlocks,
One brave last stand of trees;
  The wood-fire's flame is bright
  The snow brooks sleep at night
The climber's hour of ease.

Climb slowly up, my friend,
Up trails of zigzag trend;
  Make bed near Alpine hemlocks;
When swift the day grows dark,
  In mountain waiting room,
  With snow-kissed flowers abloom,
Find rest in Nelson Park.

Alert at sun's new dawn,
Night's star-pinned mantle drawn,
  Home left midst sheltering hemlocks,
We climb through vapor sea;
  Aswath the world below,
  Agleam wide fields of snow,
Thy mountain, God, and Thee.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

LYMAN LAKE

Tow'ring crags, tremendous framing,
For a greater sea of ships;
Peace serene the low seas shaming,
Dimpling smiles for wind god's whips.

Glaciers held on mountain shoulders,
O'er a slope of granite clean,
Hurl thy flood through foam-washed boulders,
Nestles then in depths of green.

Round thy skirts the rough chips lying,
By the Mountain Carver thrown;
Fell a plume from eagle flying,
There to mark the fir's new throne.

Radiant lake in mountain splendor,
Hov'ring round thy circling steeps,
Lyman's spirit, pure and tender,
Thy tamanaous, vigil keeps.

SONG OF THE DEAD FOREST

The winds sweep down the mountain
slope,
Where once gay forest stood;
They gasp and sigh in barren hope
Through ghostly shafts of wood.
Ah, gone the lilt of swaying bough
And gone the lisp of sylvan vow,
When cracked reeds moan down mountain
slope.

The winds sweep through the dismal
burn;
A ghoulish music make.
The spirit trees, all rigid, turn,
Their naked fingers shake.
Beware! Beware! ere death's hot snare
Entrap thy feet; Beware! Beware!
The weird winds wail through dismal
burn.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

LAKE CHELAN

Oh, marvel of waters, I greet thee in awe!
Thy clutch on my flesh is a panther's sharp claw.
Atremble, I cling to precipitous shore.
Atremble, I listen for grim devil's roar.
Oh, marvel of waters, I greet thee in awe!

How dreadful thy depths as resistless they draw!
How cold and how cruel thy fathomless maw!
Sheer gloom for the night but no sands for the day,
No beach of strewn pebbles for glad children's play.
Oh, marvel of waters, I greet thee in awe!

Sharp teeth of thy mountains the streaming clouds gnaw
And fling down to thee from huge granite hinged jaw
The cataracts, thund'ring o'er thick jungled side,

Afoam fling the floods for thy bosom to hide.
Oh, marvel of waters, I greet thee in awe!

Lo, masterful man, with his ax and his saw,
Slow scaling thy steeps, under wilderness law,
Disputed frail foothold the marmot possessed
And kindled a hearth on Stehekin's high crest.
Oh, marvel of waters, men dare thee in awe!

From prospector's aerie, enlightened, I saw
Thy three score of miles, twisting sunward, withdraw.
All skeptic, I follow. My soul sing thy cheers!
For low hanging gardens, this tribute of tears!
Oh, marvel of waters, dost laugh at my awe?

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THOU STATE OF SMILING WATERS AND THE TALL FIR TREE

Thou sturdy son of nature, thou rugged child and strong.
Thou guarder of a nation, by the sun-kissed sea,
We love thy land and waters, we raise a joyous song,
Thou State of Smiling Waters and the Tall Fir Tree.

Around thy snowy summits the screaming eagles fly
And shout, both peak and eagle: Hail ye th' free!
Thy hills, like Atlas' shoulders, lift their burdens to the sky
And pour the Smiling Waters to'rd the Tall Fir Tree.

Thy roaring, tumbling rivers cut and carve the hills of stone,
Cut and carve a winding pathway to the wide wild sea;
Still they pause in their passing, their drenching wounds atone,
They linger, Smiling Waters, past the Tall Fir Tree.

How broad thy verdant valleys lay gleaming in the sun;
How blossoms joyous promise of harvests yet to be;
How glad are nature's children as they, singing, romp and run
By the side of Smiling Waters and the Tall Fir Tree.

We stand on beetling crag or cliff and gaze from farthest west
To the bounding ocean billows, to the broad free sea;
We hail the flags of all the earth and welcome here to rest
Amidst the Smiling Waters by the Tall Fir Tree.

Thy loyal sons and daughters, Oh thou blessed freedom land,
Faithful, true and loyal, our hearts we give to thee;
Oh Washington, we love thee from peak to border strand,
Thou State of Smiling Waters and the Tall Fir Tree.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE INDIAN BASKET WEAVER

"Indian maiden lift my rootlets
From the earth to warming sun;
Coil and twist them round a bowlder
Anchored while clean waters run."

Tow'ring tree in sylvan whispers,
Fanned by breeze from western shore,
Talked to one who knew the lisping,—
Indian maid on mossy floor.

"Take the ropes, all clean and softened,
Split and scrape each even strand.
Take the best, begin thy weaving,
Draw them tight in growing band.

"Bend and turn expanding fabric,
Make a globe like gourd or shell.
Bend and turn and weave thy basket,
Weave and pray; 'tis well, 'tis well.

"Haste thee, maid, go tell thy sisters
How the spruce tree taught thee weave;
Tell thy secret of the forest.
Bid them listen and believe."

Proud the maid bore rounded basket.
Swift the spruce-tree message flew.
Weavers love mysterious whispers;
Weavers know the trees are true.

"I have helped you, little maiden,"
Crooned the swift, the clean-lipped brook.
"Paint thou me upon your basket,
Just a waving rippling crook."

Sang the fern by tiny river,
Shyly hid from garish glare:
"Use my stems to paint the waters;
They are bright as glossy hair."

"Dost thou wish the glow of sunset,
Soft and warm, Oh, gentle maid,
Take my bark," cried drooping cherry,
"Take and paint the linger-shade."

Forest voices guide the Indian,
Colors give and mystic sign;
Bookless learning, wildwood wisdom,
Lisping echoes; speech divine.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

OF THE WOODS

branch I brush,
etting clamors hush,
he wondrous blend
fresh needles send.

d with varying hue,
n blend all the new
s each pendant spray;
cing sunbeams play.

e more stars to fall
g on forest wall,
vie with thee,
tapestry!

TWO WAVES OF FOREST FIRE

O'er forest floor, with rush and roar,
Wild flames impetuous leaping;
Here crawling scorch, there flying
torch,—
Hell's harvest demons reaping!

O'er blackened stains, new suns and rains
Send waves of Fire Weed creeping;
Flame mimic plumes, fire echoed blooms,
Dead giants neath blossoms sleeping!

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

A MOSS GROWN LOG

On billowed moss, where wild paths cross,
A tiny upraised garden grows.
On bended knee, by fallen tree,
I trace the vines in netted rows.
A throbbing start! My weary heart
Recalls a day Linnaea knows.
Thy magic spell, Oh, twin-flower bell,
Turns back the years,—my old love glows.
Those heavy years! What joy and tears
Doth drift as mem'ry river flows
To unknown sea 'twixt you and me,
Oh, hour my youthful love-star rose!
Oh, mem'ry stream! Oh, love-star beam!
I'll reach for thee when earth days close.

CALYPSO BOREALIS

How many captive bees, Calypso,
Hast thou hid in velvet cave;
How long before some insect Hermes
Brought the freedom great Zeus gave?

Thou sylvan island's fabled beauty,
Nursed by tropic heated sea,
Doth bear in tender, pendant chalice
Fragile immortality.

Thou child of Ocean, far thy journey,
Sped by wind, by flying bird,
Aye, northward sped to tangled forest;
There thy luring song is heard.

And there thy purple crest, Calypso,
Flaunts to mimic ancient pride;
A queen o'er seas whose tiny tempests
Heave in billowed mossy tide.

MY HOME BY THE NORTHERN SEA

On the crag of a hill o'er an arm of the sea,
As an eagle my mate in his soaring has come;
In a cleft of the rocks, like a nest in a tree,
He has built us a cabin we fondly call home.

Oh, the sky is clear and the stars are near
At my home by this northern sea,
And the gulls' shrill cry as they, swirling, fly
Trills a message of love to me.

Though the forest may roar in the tempest's wild blast
And the ocean may seethe in its anger tossed foam,
We may kneel at the hearth till the fury is past
While we sing to our God in His star-sprinkled dome.

ALEUTIAN LULLABY

Oh, ride here my little one, ride like the wave,
These arms, thy bidarka, will hold thee and swing;
No sea lion can harm thee for I'm here to save
My brave little boy, Oh, my son of a king.

While father has gone to his quest on the sea,
With eagle plumed arrow and sharp pointed spear,
He's hunting the otter, will soon bring to thee
A robe for his prince, for my own baby dear.

Then sleep, Oh, my little one, sweet be thy rest;
Oh, sleep while the waves sing a song of the deep.
So warm in thy cradle, thy fur-padded nest,
Oh, safe is my little one! Sleep, baby, sleep.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

WASHINGTON BELOVED

Thy name, Oh Washington renowned,
We hail, we hail from far and near,
Thy glories joyfully resound,
In song of praise and mighty cheer.

Thy fame, Oh Washington serene,
Leads on, leads on up to'rd the sky,
While we through every changing scene,
Thy purple pennants lift on high.

Thy deeds, Oh Washington benign,
Will last, will last as hills of stone,
While we like ore the fires refine,
Will ring forth praise to thee alone.

Thy sons, Oh Washington beloved,
Lift up, lift up their heads in pride,
By whatsoever sea removed,
To thee, their lives in love are tied.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW

Oh, mountaineers, love you my ever new
story,
And listen all year for the midsummer
story
Of pinnacles, crags, the rough rocks and
green heather,
The spices and purple of June valley
weather;
How oft do you murmur my wonderful
story,
And patiently wait?

My trees and my grasses wave welcoming
glory;
My asters and lilies from snows steal a
glory;
Oh, when will you break from your town
tightened tether
And fly with a heart light as zephyr-blown
feather
To nestle again in my hill-cradled glory?
I fling wide the gate!

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE MINISTER IN CAMP

His broad and muscled shoulders a
gen'rous load doth swing;
When trials seem thick and threat'ning,
he bids his comrades sing;
At night when ruddy faces reflect the
camp fire's flare,
He lifts the absent scouters to God in
tender prayer.

He climbs with zest the mountains, enjoys
each tree and flower.
He knows whence came the beauty and
whence the plan, the power
To carve the lofty mountain, to raise the
rugged hill,
To paint the dainty blossom, and tune the
rushing rill.

He leaps with joy of childhood, he joins
hilarious shout;
Removed from wonted labor, from grief,
from worrying doubt,
Afar from pew and pulpit in Nature's
wide-flung span,
He hails the wild, the wonder, this whole-
some, helpful man.

THE SNOWBROOK

Why are you singing, Oh, little river,
On boist'rous noisy way,
Never aloiter like valley brooklet,
And never an idle day?

Come to the mountain, Oh, friend of waters,
Oh, come to snowbrook home.
Up where we play midst granite boulders
And fly in dashing foam.

See how we gather as little children,
All creeping ere we run.
See how we greet the new bells of heather
And kisses throw the sun.

Voices we raise in the silent places,
Our glad acclaim prolong;
Tumbling in cataracts, joyful, leaping,
We sing the mountain song.

MOUNT ADAMS

I.

How solid, broad and buttressed thy base
of rocks doth rest
On earth's great primal platform beneath
the sands and clays,
To hold secure thy shoulders, thy high and
gleaming crest,
Serene in storm or sunshine through
Time's eternal days!
Wild winds may whirl,
Cold snowdrifts swirl,
And thunders hurl
Their blazing spears to rend and blast.
Thy sides may shake,
The wide plains quake,
But, Lo! thy deep-set granite holds thee
firm and fast!

II.

These rock-hewn caverns,
Thy vaulted taverns,
Where Arctic sprites in revels hover!
Wee knight may prance
With lifted lance,
His rival drive to darkling cover
And then perchance
In languid dance,

Demurely seek a frost carved gem for elfin lover.

III.

Thy lakes, thy flower-strewn gardens, all lead to fields of snow
Lead up until we listen for star-led singing choir.
We pause on pendant glacier, a river's frozen flow,
Or climb on rigid lava, on hardened ancient fire.
Ah, transcendent glow
On ice, on ancient fire!
Who would dare to measure
One mountain's lavish treasure
When fingers, giant fingers, aye point us higher, higher?

IV.

Attained at last thy summit, thy crown above the cloud,
We stand in awe;
Thy altar's law
Condemns the soul that will not still,
With spirit bowed,
However proud,
And let God's glory every trembling fibre thrill.

MOUNTAIN LUPINE

Blue of the sea, blue of the sky,
Blue of the glacier's deep!
Oh, wine of the winds where free eagles fly,
I climb to thy home, blue Lupine, I leap.

Blue of the sea, blue of the sky,
Blue of the glacier's deep!
Oh, flowers where the snows caressingly lie,
For aye with the stars companionship keep.

SNOW ON THE PINE

Rear high thy head great pine-tree.
Thou art king of all the plants.
Thy crown, a plume of emerald,
Cuts the cloud as feathered lance.

Brave tree now square thy shoulders
While the cloud in tempest blows;
With sturdy strength stand holding
Billowed burden of the snows.

When April suns caress thee,
When they search thy needled boughs,
They'll lift the snow in vapors
Soft as whispered prayers or vows.

May I, like thee, Oh, pine-tree,
Firmly hold the winter snow
Till cometh suns of April
Bringing Heaven-promised glow.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THROUGH STATELY CORRIDORS

Through corridors stately and silent,
  Of somber coniferous woods
I wander and, strangely elated,
  I yield to their varying moods.

Majestic, the fir tree has lifted
  His emerald crown to the light,
While cedars, the spruces, and hemlocks
  Compete for the mists' lower flight.

What marvel, arboreal army
  At rest yet deployed file on file,
Whose ranks I inspect, a mere human,
  A pigmy in vine-tangled aisle!

I humbly reach hands to the columns,
  Reach hands as one gropes in the dark,
And gently renew an old friendship
  As fingers trace rifts in the bark.

Oh, trees how I love primal vigor,
  Your trunk and your high swaying
    limb,
Your breath of the balm and the balsam,
  Your music of Morning's new hymn!

THE LEAST LITTLE CORNEL

On the mossy forest floor,
As white pebbles on a shore,
  Lo, a bank I found of flowers,
  Blossoms sprung from snowy showers.
  Snowy showers had dropped the flowers
On the forest rugs on mossy floor.

Lifting up her shining face,
With a vine of mimic lace
  Round her cheeks, one dainty flower,—
  Little maid in slyvan bower,—
  Sylvan bower screens winsome flower,
Ah, the joy in Cornel's beaming face!

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE SNOWY OWL

Bleak winds blowing
Black clouds snowing,
O'er all the northland cold;
White robes stealing,
Southward reeling,
A snowy specter bold.

Vision fleeting
Ghostly meeting
Of Life with Death's rude mask;
Linger yearning
Ever turning,
One favor more to ask.

DEVIL'S WAR CLUB

You ruffian, you outcast, you vagabond flower!
From ooze of the marshes draw cankerous breath,
And, creeping in shadows, await your black hour
To torture some victim with arrows of death.

Dark spirits of evil drew nigh at your birth
And brought to their own, as a demon's hard fate,
Their verdict to hold at your treacherous girth
A thousand full quivers of poisonous hate.

You bloom of the Devil, you child of the slime!
Go creep in the darkness the violets shun;
Go coil in the shadows, don't venture to climb
For fear of your death in a kiss of the sun.

A SPIDER WEB

Aswing on thread between two trees,
On thread by wondrous spider spun,
There sways a net in evening breeze,—
A silken gauze in slant of sun.

When Dawn her shafts of gray first hurls,
Ere dews have caught the Morn's warm breath,
Each thread is strung with gleaming pearls,—
A shroud, a jeweled shroud, of Death!

BELLS OF SALLAL

Who does not love thy home, Gaultheria,
Thy northern home where soft winds
blow;
Who does not hail thy green leaf symbol
As pledge of hope through winter snow?

Who does not know thy Easter glory,
When flower to flower glad message tells,
And thou to greet the passion holy
Doth ring thy chimes, thy waxen bells?

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

LITTLE DOCTOR IN FEATHERS

My friend lies ill in cabin home,
My heart is sad, my eyelids pearled;
While watching, I old chum paths roam,
His random words all starward whirled.

Athwart the sash vined roses cling,
Press rose and thorn against the pane;
Red beads of love the roses string,
Brown knives in wounds the sharp thorns
drain.

I weary wait the ebb-tide's turn;
I hold to hope's lone flick'ring ray
And pray the spark may glow and burn
Till lurking shades flee dawn's quick gray.

A sudden glance in sweet of sun!
Those sunken eyes now strong and bold;
My chum, dear soul, alert as one
Who saw beyond that flash of gold!

I look and Lo! the roses heard
My prayer of joy in hope new born;
I look and Lo! a gold-winged bird
Had poised and screened the rose's thorn!

TWIN FLOWERS

Oh, ring little bells on your wee slender thread,
Oh, ring to my listening heart!
How often I hear in your ringing
My lover's sweet lullaby singing.
Oh, swing little singers on vine lifted thread
And ring to my listening heart!

Oh, one little bell is my lover's sweet voice
And one bell, I fancy, is mine.
How often I wondered in ringing
Which bell was the lullaby singing;
But now, little singers, united, rejoice,
My lover forever is mine!

WHULGE

"Dwellers by Whulge—the waters of Puget's Sound."—Theodore Winthrop in "The Canoe and the Saddle."

Mid a riot of fun in the sweet of the sun,
Happy boy with his arrow in mimic war play
Drives his foe to a run, the wee battle is won,
And his mates hail him chief, little chief for a day.

Down to the beach, brown feet in a clatter
Kin to the seals, blithe sport they indulge,
Drowning the while in waves of glad chatter
The tide's welcome message of "Whulge!"

Tossing fruit of his quest, with a hunter's keen zest,
Sinewed man stands erect by his hut's matted door,

Greeting praise with a jest, flaunts his eagle plumed crest
As he strides in his strength to the sea's waiting shore.

There he beholds the wind furies lashing,
Lashing to foam the billow's big bulge,
There he can hear Tamanaous crashing,
Crashing in "Whulge! Whulge!"

Lo, the snows, sure and stern, bring the glass to its turn
For the last run of sand as the man is grown old.
Dying embers still burn, and the heart, Oh, doth yearn
For one touch of the sea ere it sleeps in the cold.

Creeping so slowly, he strains feeble fingers,
Great myst'ry pleads the sea to divulge,—
Smiles in his eyes, his spirit scarce lingers,—
"Whulge! Whulge! Whulge!"

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN AT KINGSTON

The sea birds drift to log-strewn shore,
  When the sun goes down at Kingston.
Subdued their cries as, swimming near,
They gossip news for each to hear
The day's fresh store of sea bird lore.
Oh, quaint must be that chattered lore,
  When the sun goes down at Kingston.

The busy crafts fleck ocean stream,
  When the sun goes down at Kingston.
Oh, what a freight of joy may be
In ships that pass by birds and me!
But Lo! there seem in idle dream,
More joys for me in peaceful dream,
  When the sun goes down at Kingston.

The forest boughs lean to'rd the sea,
  When the sun goes down at Kingston.
Oh call of tree, Oh call of tide,
Awakened soul thy joys abide!
Oh tide, Oh tree, I come to thee,
I come for native love of thee,
  When the sun goes down at Kingston!

THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY

I.

The glowing warmth of equal Tropic sun
Draws home the myriad birds from south,
from north.
Such wondrous flight,
Ere gloom of night
Enshrouds the empty nests so lately won,
The nests where clam'rous fledglings hung
So brief a time ere they were flung
In air to seek the day's receding light!
The Tropic song
Holds bird-folk throng
Till sound of nest-call sends them forth.

II.

How like the bird
Strong man has heard
The call to rise and cleave the cloud with
wings,
To greet the stars, to drink the higher air,
To magnify his boyish kites and strings,
To dare grim death and yet again to dare.
Away his fear, his heavy fear, he flings!

III.

Not all the birds fly far from home,
And few the men who risk the air's thin height.
Familiar ways the many love to roam;
The boat, the bridge, still challenge all their might,
Nor lost their love for combing billow's foam,
Their ecstacy in mountain morning's light.
For them the earth is brown,
Is fruitful, warm, and brown.
Ah, still they love the green trees growing,
The needled boughs, and gentle breezes blowing;
They love the forest tremor, flower-strewn meadow,
The canyon, cliff, and fern-flecked shadow,
The quiet field and e'en the busy, noisy town.

IV.

As forth men toil, the path's slow wid'ning edge
Becomes the highway, badge of sovereign people's state.

They build and toil, each road a nervous wedge
To hew a way where seats of empire wait.
Then states to states, as neighboring farmers, call
To join the work of every valiant son;
In joy they call
To pierce the wall,
To fling aside rude sword and gun;
In peace the highway serves them all.

V.

As strength on strength of many harvests teeming,
The mines, the sea, a new world's wealth unfold,
Bold spirits feel the spell of brilliant dreaming.
They feel the spell
Old fables tell
Of mystic change from ice to heat,
From northern iron to southern gleaming gold,
And straight they seize on vision firmer hold:
A road from distant Arctic's cold,
Through leagues of pines to Tropic's tangled palms,

Still on, to graze the giant Araucaria's feet,
To face at last Magellan's storms and calms.

VI.

Lo, on the road may human lives be blended,
Albeit strange may sound the lisping tongue!
Salute the state wherever flag is flung;
But, land of llama, land of bison, land of reindeer team,
Oh, land of lilies, land of cactus, land where orchids beam,
Approach this road with heart of brother.
Seize the Vision Splendid!

THE SHIP IS STILL A QUEEN

In the sheltered bay of Townsend
  Lies a full rigged ship at rest,
Her sides and furled sails gleaming
  As a bride in new robes dressed.
The ocean's lovely sweetheart
  Cometh home to be caressed.

Ah, we love thee, comely daughter,
  Thou wert blessed here at thy birth,
Where the distant snow-crowned
      Watcher,
  Guarding Fuca's wide mouthed firth,
From the sea guides forest children
  Back to waiting arms of earth.

Like a bird with homing message
  Hast thou come through day and night
With thy bellowed canvas straining
  In the long majestic flight,
Veered by Heaven's kindly fingers,
  All thy outstretched pinions white.

We repel the rule of giants
  In this strident smoke-grimed day.
We greet thy royal standard
  And thy regal scepter's sway.
For aye the sea's true sovereign,
  Own we all in Townsend bay.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

AT CHIEF SEATTLE'S GRAVE

Peace be with thee in thrice honored grave,
Oh, Chieftain, as pilgrims we lovingly come,
Drawn to a shrine by Whulge's cool wave;—
Suquamish, sad fragment, in fir-girdled home.

Valorous Chieftain, king of a race,
When ocean unfettered surged foam-freighted crest;
Regal thy sway, ere pioneers trace
Faint trail o'er yon mountains to ultimate West.

Swift as the seal on Whulge's broad tide,
Sped warriors brave at thy uplifted hand;
War or the chase was one as they plied
Their paddles or arrows as thou didst command.

Slowly the smoke from log cabin curled,
From hearth of white stranger near wilderness shore,

Hearth and a home at edge of the world,
With bold Saxon faith in a hut's open door.

Heart of a friend! Oh, hear that wild yell,
The hour savage foes had come creeping at night!
Heart of a friend! Oh, how could we tell
The strain of the foes on our Chieftain's great might!

Raging with anger, demons of hate,
The howling foes fought through the battle's long day.
Chieftain, Oh, Chieftain, blest was our fate!
Thou stoodst like a rock in our tempest strewn way.

Sweet be the flower, Oh, child, that you bring,
And pure be the prayer that you Heavenward send,
Soft be thy song as wild robins sing,—
A shrine in the grass by the grave of our friend.

CALL FOR REVENGE

They fled, defeated, doleful warrior band
Of Sioux, who, battling with an ancient foe,
Saw horsemen spring as from the ground and so
In haste obeyed their frightened chief's command.
And then anew was courage slowly fanned.
Revenge was sure and one would quickly know
His lot when picked as leading brave to go,
By pressure of a trembling maiden's hand.
All knew she mourned a brother loved but slain;
All knew her right to choose a champion brave.
Refuse! No hill, nor boundless, endless plain
Could such a flagrant coward hide or save.
Cheerfully he yields each thought, each breath
To this wild Indian game of life and death.

A HOME BY THE ROADSIDE

Why crave a lonely grandeur, Oh, my heart?
Why screen thy riches from thy neighbor's sight
Or seek to hide from all pervading light
Thy talent though it be of humble art?
Why choose a home on sheltered knoll apart,
In vale defended by rude wealth or might,
Where sun and moon alone mark day and night,
All free from noise of busy wheel or mart?
Ah, greedy thus to seize and call thy own
Rare gems of love with Nature's flowers and trees!
Nay, soul of mine, forswear thy selfish ease,
For God in mercy seeds of both have sown
That life and love might sin and death atone.
Choose ye a home where roll the human seas.

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE METEORITE

Celestial vagabond, from ether hurled,
What greeting bringest thou from distant skies?
Enchained awhile where myst'ry's curtains rise,
Thou fell and through the vaulted heavens whirled.
What hands didst see with flaming banners furled
Or flaunted quick in signalling to eyes
That might a message read in Paradise?
Pray tell, what word is brought to hungry world?
On dull and heavy surface wrinkled scars
Show deep the teeth of gnawing fiery heat
As if gaunt wolves of air thy flesh did eat
And threw thy melted bones past burning stars.
I gaze on thee, then lift through hazy bars
One longing hope to reach thy Master's feet.

AN HOUR I CALL MY OWN

Ah, up from depths of big strong years
  Thy shadows come Oh, joyous day;
They wind through strident world-wise
    jeers,
  Through foolish jeers wind star-led way.

I know the toll, Oh, day of youth,
  The gnawing years demand of thee,
The toll of boyhood, joy and truth,
  Once thine but now eternity.

Yet come, Oh day, Oh hour my own
  And sway once more thy torch of love;
Let now for all the then atone;
  Make this an hour like those Above.

Ah, hear the snap of drift-wood fire,
  And smell the pungent sea-soaked wood,
The camp song rising higher, higher,—
  A soul's fresh tide at pulsing flood!

Wilt pause, Oh, hour? I scan each face
  Ere waves of age have billowed there;
I see no more the vacant place
  Of one sent Home with hymn and
    prayer.

Oh, friends of yore, I love, doth hear?
The word I give as hour-shade goes;
I look to God—no dread, no fear;—
I lived, I loved, and Oh, He knows.

A GIFT

How much we prize
From truthful eyes,
From windows of the soul,
The gleam of joy
Without alloy;
'Tis Heaven's splendid dole.

Could I but fling,
As mighty king,
Rare gems from land or sea,—
Pure hearts' behest,
In thrice locked chest,—
I'd give the golden key.

THE OLYMPICS

I.

Serried thy peaks, Oh, great celestial saw,
Cleaving the clouds that dare thy summits range
Clouds that swirling range, obedient to the law
Of earth's reviving change:
Ocean mists uplifted
By winds at random drifted,
Hurl themselves at thee in glow'ring rows;
Thy jagged jaws still gnawning,
Thy teeth's continual sawing,
Spill Ocean's blood to earth, cold rains and snows.
The snows and rains thy summits drench and all thy forests feed,
The law requires of cosmic Ocean, warring, thus to bleed.

II.

Quick rivers leap,
Slow glaciers creep,
And near them bright hued lilies loving vigils keep.

All singing birds
All silent herds
Of elk, of deer, translate thy hoarsely thundered words.
In solitude of night thy creatures wild in peace doth sleep.

III.

When man courageous seeks thy roaring rivers
And upward toils till ev'ry straining muscle quivers,
Ye, stand, proud crags, and frown in grim disdain,
Disdain in ev'ry feature
For such a fearless creature,
Who braves thy heights with crawling feet and slow,
Who creeps, sore weighted, where nimble marmots go.
Ye look afar where blue of sea meets blue of sky,
Adown ye look where cross wolves snarl and up where bold hawks fly
For mate of man and yet thy search is all in vain.

Still up he comes;
His glad heart hums
To rock and flower, to brook and bird, a song while passing by.

IV.

He feels no mountain frown, nor fears thy threat'ning rods;
Thy Maker known, he loves, new home of ancient gods.
He stands on topmost peak,
Uncovered stands in clean blown air;
His thoughts no triumph speak,
But, lisping, rise to God in fervent, humble prayer.

MOUNT MEANY

May I, a mortal, quick with pulsing life,
Lift up mine eyes on peak that bears my name?
No ancient hero gained such vaulted fame,
Though victor's crown were his in valiant strife.
While surging human passions still were rife,
His honor risked the tinge of frailty's shame,
Or weak, so full of fault, so halting, lame,
Is man when Time applies the Years' cold knife.
No hero I, no victor's following band
Will shout for laurel crown on my proud head;
But Lo! full two-score snows have fall'n and fled,—
This priceless gift of partial friends doth stand.
Behold, I reach this hopeful, trembling hand
And crave the name's esteem ere I am dead!

THE CAMP FIRE

Pile up the wood of dead pine and the cedar,
Wood of the trees lying prone near our camp;
Handful of moss and a few pitchy splinters,
Flicker and flame to a wide flaring lamp,—
Warmth and a beacon for mountaineers' camp.

Tell of the joys for the day and the morrow,
Hope and firm faith in the life of high hills.
Jibe one another with innocent jesting;
Laughter aripple in heart brimming rills,
Tumbles and gurgles down joy-freighted hills.

Gems of the world from each memory casket
Catch for a moment the gleam of the fire;
Verses are read of the rare mountain treasures,
Treasures the climbers unfailing admire,—
Tribute of love at our pine-kindled fire.

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Tribute and jest, merry song and grim
story
Rivalry hold, till the fire burneth low,
Rivalry hold, yet so lavish the prizes
Each one may seize round the embers'
last glow,—
Singing "Good Night" as the fire
burneth low:

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"